Volume LXX CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 28, 1912 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FOR PEACE

Respectfully inscribed, by permission, to David Starr Jordan, whose book against war, "The Human Harvest," and a ride over the battlefield of Chickamauga suggested these lines.

Our Father, King of nations
In this our time give peace,
End war's black desolations
And bid its carnage cease,
Its rifles' vengeful rattle,
Its cannons' murderous roar.
Stanch the red tide of battle
And let it rage no more.

Wars, hateful to the mothers
Of sons in conflict slain,
Where brothers kill their brothers
While widows weep in vain,
While orphans' tears are falling—
God, end this reign of hate,
This shrewd, financed, appalling,
False glory of the State.

Teach Thou our heroes, Father,
To use their strength and skill
And leadership the rather
To save and not to kill.
Lest through war's devastations
Good human harvests cease,
Destroy the scourge of nations,
Enthrone the Prince of Peace.

—Ernest A. Bell.

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1912. NUMBER 13.

A THANKSGIVING PSALM

For life—
The magic thrill
And ecstacy of vibrant life;
The power inherent in the human frame
To rise triumphant from the primal clay;
The vista-glimpse of dawning days ahead,
And conscious energy to do
Life's golden deeds;
To stand firm-footed on the sunlit sod,
With path upleading to the high ideal,
And present chance to act, achieve, attain,—
For Life, our Father, do we utter thanks.

For Love—
Divinest gift
Upon our human race bestowed
By One who loved, and loving, gave;
God smiled when He created, and the smile
Caught and retained by the created clay,
Became the seal and surety
That we call "Love,"
The seal of kinship with the God who loves,
The surety of life, of larger life,
Of life eternal, boundless and sublime,—
For Love, our Father, do we utter thanks.

For light—
The ray direct,
Down-shining from thy radiant Self,
As sunbeam flashes from the sun to sod
Not fitful flash that filters through the past,
No candle-gleam that flickers in the night,
But light from thine own face aglow
Upon our path;
The way illumined, doubt and danger gone,
The day clear-skyed, the course of duty plain,
And but one task—to tread it in the light,—
For Light, our Father, do we utter thanks.

—*Charles W. Casson.*

UNITY is glad to give publicity to the announcement that Mrs. Elmer Black of New York City has offered a first prize of two hundred dollars and a second prize of one hundred dollars for the best essays on International Peace, written by undergraduate women students of any college or university in the United States. This offer is made through the Lake Mohonk Conference. The contest is to be closed by March 15, 1913, and the award to be announced at the next meeting of the Mohonk Conference which will be held on the last days of June, or the early days of July next. Here is a theme worthy of the study of thoughtful women, and here is a prize which an undergraduate will not despise. Let our young women busy themselves on this thing that is so very well worth while. Those who fail will draw the highest rewards, namely the joy of the work and the profit thereby. Those who succeed will not only receive the dollars but will have an extensive hearing.

The case of George R. Lunn, the Socialist Mayor of Schenectady, New York, who has been arrested more than once for his activity in the labor troubles of Little Falls, New York, is liable to become national in its fame and notorious in its reflection upon the authorities of Little Falls. It is only charged that he attempted to speak out of doors to working men. His own version is that he was arrested the first time for quoting Abraham Lincoln. He is now under sentence of a fine or fifty days in jail. Under similar circumstances the Reverend Doctor Crapsey of Rochester, New York, was arrested, with a Bible in his hand. No one professes to make any charges against either of these gentlemen in point of character or the dignity of their address. The day has gone by in the United States when free speech can be considered as a menace, and any attempt to throttle free speech is not only an indignity to the democracy which we profess, but a menace to the state. The only way out of the Social and Labor Problems of the day is to go through them, not to back out of them. Let free speech be so encouraged that it becomes tedious if necessary, rather than that honorable men who have profound convictions should be considered a menace to the community and their liberty be limited on that account.

Professor Edward A. Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, always talks sense. He makes people think. Last Sunday he addressed a vast audience at the Sunday Evening Club in Orchestra Hall, Chicago. He spoke some wholesome truths about immigrants, concerning whom he is perhaps the most intelligent interpreter now before the American public. He said, "to those who ask why these immigrants do not go West and take up farming, it is as if one were to say to the favored young men of our American schools, why don't you go East and take up a factory." To those who bemoan the landing of the *ignorant* immigrants on our shores he said, "suppose a ship were to bring in twenty-five hundred college *graduates* from Europe, what would we do with them?" He told that audience of typical bumptious Americans that from "four to five hundred thousand workmen are maimed, every year, in the United States and two-thirds of them have come to us from other countries." He told them further "that the immigrants who come to this country become citizens of this country in a single generation." Speaking for himself he said, "I came to this

country with only Semitic blood in me; now, if my blood were analyzed it would be found to be pure American."

Much time and ingenuity is expended today by individuals, committees and commissions, in discovering how little money a man can work for and still retain his vigor and usefulness. The "*minimum* wage" is an honest quest to be commended, but is it not time that individuals, committees and commissions should get busy and try to find what *maximum* earning is permissible, at the other end of the line? Details aside, any business that makes millionaires on the one end and sallow, emaciated and sickly men, women and children on the other, is not conducted in a legitimate manner. There is no equity in the distribution that gives uncounted luxury at one end and hopeless poverty at the other end of the mill. There is a limit beyond which individual wealth cannot go without violating the law of equity. While it is difficult to fix that limit, there is another consideration more easily fixed which should be as emphatically enforced by public opinion, namely, that a fortune accumulated, however honestly, is a misfortune to the individual and the state unless it is consecrated to civic uses, social purposes and progressive interests. Individual wealth cannot be righteously administered in gratifying individual ambitions, or in lives of luxury, or the transmission of the same through the individual, prolonged in his progeny.

UNITY has often spoken of John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, as one of the most effective, as well as by far the most successful preacher in Chicago. No pulpit in this city has an audience so vast, so responsive and so regular in attendance, as this preacher in black and white in the columns of a daily paper. After too long an excursion into the political field and foolish politics, Mr. McCutcheon returns to the more satisfactory work of preaching to humanity. Last Monday his picture told the whole problem of labor and reflected the entire circle of winter morals. A shivering mother with a shivering child at her knees, in a meagrely furnished room, looks with staring eyes and haggard face upon the genial, icicled, snow bespattered face of Winter looking in at her through the rattling window. Winter, the joy and exhileration of the well fed, is the terror and the despair of the under-fed. Winter, the season of gaiety and frivolity; with its display of fall robes and jingling bells, is the delight of those who revel in abundance, but it is the agony and oftentimes the death of the widow, the mother and the babe, who face grim death in the shape of cold and hunger. Sickness and despair move with sure though silent feet across the threshold of the poor. Let McCutcheon's omen be taken home on the eve of the Christmas tide and let the money that is to be lavished on needless "presents," and which but contributes to the passing pleasure of those who are already over supplied with the trinkets of life, be conserved and invested in bread and coal; and still better, let the brain that is now racked over the heart-hardening process of wondering what one can give to those who do not need, expend itself upon the problem of how the goods of the world may be more justly distributed. Not charity, but justice, ought to be the quest of the coming Christmas season.

The Literary Digest of November 23 has a kindling article headed "Sensational Evangelists Rebuked." It calls attention to the extravagance of manner and a coarseness of language used by too many evangelists. It speaks of the "evangelists who are paid ten thousand dollars for a month's work and quotes The *Lutheran Observer,* which says of such work:

"They come to associate it with tabernacles and sawdust, huge choirs, signed cards, immense crowds, spectacular exhibition."

It further asks:

"May a congregation hold a lottery, which is bad, to build a church, which is good? No. May they give a charity ball, which is bad, to furnish an orphan asylum, which is good? No. The end never justifies the means. A wrong thing is wrong always and everywhere. No minister is justified in sacrilegious performance to dazzle the gaping crowd."

Washington Gladden is quoted as saying:

"The vile mouthings in which some itinerants assume to be preaching his gospel are much worse than a breach of taste—they falsify completely the Master's temper. And because of this, men who make a specialty of hurling sulphurous blackguardism at their audiences in evangelistic meetings should be stoutly refused entrance into Christian pulpits."

The *Sunday School Times* is quoted as saying:

"No one can preach the gospel effectively in a dead language—or a slangy one. No one can pray worthily in the language of the baseball park."

The most specific word comes from the Moody Bible School in Chicago, where evangelists are professionally trained. At a conference the following usages were strictly forbidden:

"Boosting 'free-will' offerings in auctioneer's fashion.
"Posing for pictures in imitation of vaudeville artists.
"Lying about the number of conversions made.
"Using 'slang' promiscuously.
"Breaking chairs on the pulpit to get an effect.
"Acting a part in a melodramatic story.
"Attacking higher criticism without warrant."

In the confusions and perplexities of organizations, one experienced in the entanglement incident thereto, must needs hesitate before commending one more organization, for after all, the kingdom cometh not with organization any more than with observation. How-

ever, we can but regard with great sympathy and look with much hope on a movement among the young people of America that is represented by the title of National Good Citizenship Movement. This movement is taking form in Chicago, with headquarters at 301 Security Building. It has a list of eminent names on its general committee and the names on the executive committee represents those who are well known as effective workers. The secretary is Miss Margaret Wintringer, and the Treasurer Miss Mary F. Balcomb, names familiar to all those who are at work in Chicago church and temperance circles. Now that the noise and dust of the presidential campaign is over it is time for the earnest citizen to recognize the truth that was too much obliterated in the campaign, namely, that there is no real progress to be hoped for by any Party or Parties however loud its claim may be, to the name "Progressive," which fails to face directly the arch enemy of progress, the drink traffic, and which hesitates to put high upon its list of enemies to fight, the liquor forces of the country. The saloons can not be reformed, intemperance cannot be cured by indirection, and the permanent post-election issues are represented most effectively by the forces that recognize this truth. The liquor traffic is the fertile mother of the brood of evil that besets our land; we will wait and work for the time when the churches, social workers and would-be "Political Leaders" on high lines, will frankly recognize this truth and join hands in an aggressive campaign, which, beginning with the smaller social unit, will continue until it involves city, state and nation. A good citizenship movement that does not take to heart the temperance movement is surely doomed to imbecility and disappointment.

William Ladd, the Apostle of Peace

Strolling through the Passaconaway woods in the Swift River Intervale one day, I found the bark of some young pine trees savagely scratched and torn. "What did that?" I inquired of my neighbor, who is a past master in wood lore. "Mr. Bruin," was the reply. And then he explained that the way one bear challenges another is to raise himself on his hindlegs, stretch up to his fullest height, and bite and scratch the bark to show what a big and mighty and unconquerable bear he is. The next bear that comes along sees these marks, rears himself aloft and attempts to reach up higher still. This is the ursine method of challenging. Similarly the biography of a truly great man is a challenge to us to measure up to our fullest possible height. And if, doing our very best, we fall far short of the stature of the world's towering souls, we shall at least be made humble, reverent and diligent.

No one can read the life story of William Ladd without experiencing a kindling of admiration and inspiration. This son of the Granite State was one of humanity's true noblemen. The stream of his beneficent influence is broadening, deepening and growing mightier every decade. We are now far enough along to see that Dr. Beckwith's saying that "the Peacemaker of Minot shall outlive the Corsican soldier" was not so fulsome as it sounded when first uttered. Certainly we are ready to accept Charles Sumner's declaration that "by developing, maturing and publishing to the world the plan of a Congress of Nations, William Ladd enrolled himself among the benefactors of mankind." For, as stated by Hon. James Brown Scott, Technical Delegate of the United States to the Second Peace Conference at The Hague, Editor of the American Journal of International Law and Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Mr. Ladd's plan for an international congress and court "contains . . . the arguments for . . . the establishment of both institutions. . . . The resemblance between Ladd's project and The Hague Conference is so patent as to need no comment."

And now for the dry bones which must be clothed with living flesh by other literature than this brief magazine sketch. William Ladd, the oldest son of Eliphalet and Abigail (Hill) Ladd, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, May 10, 1778. The family removed to Portsmouth in 1795. Having prepared for college at Exeter Academy, William entered Harvard in 1793 and graduated four years later, at the age of nineteen. He was a proficient student, but in his later years he laughingly said, "The knowledge I gained in college the salt water washed out of my memory."

Young Ladd's parents planned that he should enter the medical profession. But, in the same year that he graduated from Harvard, wishing to see something of the world, he shipped as a common sailor on one of his father's vessels. On his first voyage he visited England and other parts of Europe. On his second voyage he sailed as mate. In eighteen months from the time he shipped as a common sailor, he was placed in command of one of the largest ships that ever sailed out of Portsmouth. He became a skilful and highly respected sea captain.

At the age of twenty-one, having married Sophia Ann Augusta Stidolph of London, England, he retired from the sea and became a merchant at Savannah, Georgia. A few months later he removed to Florida. As cotton planter, he held slaves. Yet he attempted to work out and put into practical application a plan for the abolition of slavery by the introduction of European emigrants. His scheme failed. Most of his property was swept away. In later life

he never could refer to his slave holding without tears.

On the death of his father in 1806, Captain Ladd left Florida and went to sea again. Perhaps this would have been his lifelong occupation had not the War of 1812 compelled him to abandon the sea. About 1814 he removed to Minot, Maine, where he made his home on a large farm which his father had owned at the time of his death. He bought out the rights of his brothers in this farm. Here he lived until his own death.

Of the next eight or nine years after his removal to Minot little is recorded. Mr. Ladd worked hard, erecting buildings, setting out trees, and raising stock (especially sheep). He loved agriculture. During this period, too, he joined the Congregational Church of Minot, probably about 1818.

How did this thrifty, energetic, successful sea captain and farmer become interested in international peace? Happily he himself tells us. In 1819 he was at the bedside of the dying Jesse Appelton, President of the Bowdoin College, and President of the Maine Peace Society. In almost ecstatic gladness, Dr. Appleton enumerated some of the forces that were operating for the improvement of the world. With prophetic vision the venerable clergyman, educator and reformer named, among other organized agencies, the peace societies. This testimony of Dr. Appleton made a lasting impression upon Mr. Ladd. And the reading of Noah Worcester's *Solemn Review of the Custom of War* and other peace tracts deepened this impression.

In July, 1823, Ladd began the publication of his first series of *Essays on Peace and War,* in the *Christian Mirror,* at Portland. These essays, to the number of thirty-two, were gathered into a little volume and thus republished in 1825. A second series, numberong thirty-seven essays, began to appear in the *Mirror* in 1825 and these essays were published in a volume in 1827. In the publication of these essays, Mr. Ladd used the *nommé de plume* "Philanthropos."

Nor were the propaganda efforts of Ladd confined to pen messages. In public addresses he championed the great cause which had laid such firm hold upon his own soul. His first public utterance was in an agricultural speech. But presently we find him, in February, 1824, addressing the Peace Society of Maine at Portland. On July 4, 1825, he spoke on peace before the Peace Society of Oxford County, Maine, at Sumner, in that state. On the nation's natal day a year later he delivered an oration at Exeter, New Hampshire, his native town. In December of the same year (1826), he appeared before the Massachusetts Peace Society at its meeting in Boston. The Portland and Boston addresses were reprinted in London.

But Ladd was a born organizer. And on Christmas, 1823, the Peace Society of Minot, Maine, was formed. Of this he became the Corresponding Secretary. Through his tireless enthusiasm the Maine Peace Society, which had become quiescent, was reorganized. In 1826 he organized six peace societies. During these campaigns in the war against war, Ladd conceived the idea of a national peace society. For this he labored with tongue and pen, going on lecture tours through the Middle West and New York, patiently overcoming obstacles until, on May 8, 1828, at a meeting held in New York City, the American Peace Society was organized. Over half a hundred different state and city societies merged themselves in this new national organization, which has been working continuously ever since, and is today the officially recognized organized peace movement in America. Of the new society William Ladd was not only the founder, but the first Corresponding Secretary, Editor and General Agent.

In the same month in which the American Peace Society was organized, Mr. Ladd commenced the publication of *The Harbinger of Peace,* a monthly duodecimo of 24 pages. Its circulation was about 1,500 copies per month. For three years Mr. Ladd continued to edit this official organ of the American Peace Society. In May, 1831, he was compelled by ill health to lay down this editorial burden. The name of the paper was changed to *The Calumet.* The initial number of *The Calumet,* which was a bimonthly, was published May-June, 1831. In 1835 *The Advocate of Peace* superseded *The Calumet* as the official bulletin of the American Peace Society. *The Advocate* is now published monthly in Washington and is the ablest and most influential peace publication in the world.

In 1836 and 1837, Mr. Ladd published in the *Chistian Mirror* a series of twenty-two essays on "Obstacles and Objections to the Cause of Peace." These afterward were published in book form. In addition to his three series of essays, the following volumes issued from his pen: *The Sword or Christmas Presents, Howard and Napoleon Contrasted, The French Soldier, History of Alexander the Great,* etc.

William Ladd literally wore himself out in labors for peace. In May, 1833, he was taken sick in New York and was not able to reach his home until June. For an entire year he was obliged to remain quiet. When the annual meeting of the American Peace Society was held in New York, May, 1834, its founder was unable to attend. In a beautiful letter of greetings, however, he made a liberal contribution of money for the carrying on of the work. In 1840 and 1841 he undertook an extensive lecture tour in western Massachusetts and New York. He planned also a trip into Ohio. But he was obliged to abandon the

Ohio intinerary. His last address was delivered in Cazenovia Seminary. Elihu Burritt describes how Mr. Ladd, when unable to stand, would prop himself up on his knees in the pulpit and preach the gospel of peace with a fervor almost divine.

Knowing that his work was done, William Ladd started homeward. He arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at 7:30 p. m., April 9, 1841. He knelt with Mrs. Ladd and prayed. Retiring, at about 10 o'clock, he breathed his last immediately on lying down.

A monument, erected by the American Peace Society, marks the grave of the "Apostle of Peace" in the South Cemetery, Portsmouth.

As already intimated, the great contribution which William Ladd made to civilization was his project for a Congress of Nations, embracing both an international legislature and a court. At the first annual meeting of the American Peace Society (1829) a small prize was offered for the best essay on the subject. But the results were unsatisfactory. In 1831 Mr. Ladd published a dissertation on this subject in the *Harbinger of Peace*. This article was issued as a pamphlet and was the first work on this subject ever printed in America. In the same year (1831), the American Peace Society offered a prize of $500 for the best essay on the subject, and a prize of $100 for the next best essay. For certain reasons no award was made. The prize was then raised to $1,000. Out of the essays submitted, five were selected for publication. To these was added a sixth, from the pen of William Ladd. These six essays in 1840 were published in a large, handsome volume of 706 pages. Elegantly bound copies of this book were presented to the rulers of the various nations. Ladd's essay was reprinted in Great Britain and circulated by thousands. It is interesting to note that the international institutions at The Hague gradually are taking shape along the structural lines sketched out by William Ladd.

Of fine personal appearance and simplicity of manner, William Ladd was genial, humorous and a prince of story-tellers. He was the life of any company of which he was a member. He had perfect mastery of his temper and was a peacemaker in theory and practice. His hearty laugh was most contagious. He used to say "I'm afraid I shall never grow up and be dignified; I shall never be anything but a Ladd."

He took his religion in earnest, giving up his wine in order to encourage poor men to give up their rum. He split up his cider mill because one of his "hired men" got drunk on cider made in said mill. He abandoned the use of tobacco, and, with the money thus saved, educated a heathen boy, through the agency of the American Board. His devotion to the peace cause bordered on the sublime. No reform ever was served with purer disinterestedness than William Ladd's dedication of himself to the war against war.

Through his influence many were influenced to accept pacifism. Among these we may name Thomas C. Upham, Andrew P. Peabody, George C. Beckwith, Thomas S. Grimke and William Watson. Charles Sumner, whose "Addresses on War" became almost the Bible of the peace movement, bears this testimony: "When scarcely nine years old it was my fortune to listen to President Quincy's address before the Peace Society, delivered in the Old South Church. It made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. . . . A lecture which I heard from William Ladd, in the old courthouse at Cambridge, shortly after I left college, confirmed these impressions." Elihu Burritt, who did so much to organize the great peace congresses in the middle of the nineteenth century, confessed himself a disciple of William Ladd, and, as one of his successors, "felt it his duty to present the proposition (of a Congress of Nations) pure and simple as his master developed it, at the great Peace Congresses at Brussels, Paris, Frankfort and London; and to-day it stands before the world, the scheme of William Ladd. . . . When America comes to make up her jewels, or to compare them with the jewels of other nations, it is doubtful if she will be able to show a life of longer radius and serener light than the life of William Ladd. This . . . farmer arose, by the power breathed into his soul, to the very first order and rank of that nobility of the great world which numbers but a few men in a single age."

As early as 1825 there was a New Hampshire Peace Society. This disappeared. But on February 1, 1912, there was organized, at Manchester, The New Hampshire Peace Society. President Ernest Fox Nichols of Dartmouth College was chosen President, and W. W. Thayer of Concord, Secretary. Eminent people, representing all parts of the state, are Honorary Vice-Presidents. A strong membership is being built up, and the young society promises to be an efficient reinforcement to the organized peace movement. In his address before the meeting at which organization was effected, Mr. Edwin D. Mead said: "No man in the early history of the movement did greater work than William Ladd of New Hampshire. He anticipated every point in the recent Hague program and all the great international demands of today. In organizing a New Hampshire society, his native state is taking steps toward rearing his most fitting monument."

William Ladd died too soon to see the doctrine of evolution formulated and hear it scientifically expounded. But his statesmanlike vision, sturdy good sense and warm human sympathy enabled him to discern the trend of history. He dedicated his life "to work with God at love," as Mrs. Browning so exquisitely says. To pacifists of today is it given to see

history headed in their direction. But it took a brave man to dream the peace dream ninety-three years ago, when the vision first flooded the mind of William Ladd. But Ladd was a big, brave man. To cowards, the times never are ripe for forward steps of progress. To men like William Ladd the time always is ripe for next steps forward. Such characters are the scouts and pioneers of civilization, the very elite of humanity.

Well did William Ladd, the brave, brainy, radiant Apostle of Peace, deserve the sonnet which William Lloyd Garrison dedicated to him in the first volume of *The Liberator*:

"The conquerers of earth have had their day—
Their fame lies weltering in a bloody shroud;
As Crime and Desolation haste away,
So fade their glory and their triumphs proud.
Great Advocate! a fairer wreath be thine,
Base Envy cannot soil, nor Time destroy;
Thou art enlisted in a cause divine,
Which yet shall fill all earth and heaven with joy.
To calm the passions of a hostile world;
To make content and happiness increase;
In every clime to see that flag unfurled,
Long since uplifted by the Prince of Peace:
This is thy soul's desire, thy being's aim,
No barrier can impede, no opposition tame."

Charles E. Beals,
Field Secretary of the American Peace Society, from The Granite Monthly for September.

HOLIDAY

Oh, up and down the valley
My Soul she goes a-flying;
She does not dilly-dally
Where the ragged sheep are crying,
Nor where the cuckoo seems to be
A Swiss clock in the tufted tree.

For she has stolen pinions
Clear golden like the sun;
And all the sun's dominions
Are hers—yes, every one
Of yonder hills and glad green meads,
And grottoes where the wild brook speeds;

And every huddled farmhouse,
Gray-walled and girt with green,
Dumb-drowsy as a dormouse
Its drowsy fields between,
Where cows and wide-backed ducklings go
With Sabbath manners, staid and slow;—

And all the roads she follows,
The hard white roads that wind
Across the heights and hollows,
As dream-roads in the mind
Spin out, and come to that long-sought
And cozy village of—a thought

Oh, up and down and under
The hills whose shadows lean
Wide gloom to keep asunder
The too-blue from the green,
My Soul, she flies on sunny wings,
And through the twinkling thicket sings.

Oh, wind and sun and greenness!
And wings that flash in flying!—
Sweep free my Soul from meanness
And ugliness and dying,—
And learn dear Soul, to fly and sing
When work and winter shade thy wing!

—Fanny Stearns Davis.

A Way Out of the Canal Blunder

Anyone who knows how little consideration is given to the preparation of political platforms can readily understand how both the Democratic and the Progressive parties were "committed" to the blunder of advocating the exemption of our coastwise shipping from the tolls to be charged for the use of the Panama Canal. It is this sort of inside arrangement of party policies—which usually, in the last hours of fatigue, restlessness and excitement, there is never time to discuss on their merits—that has cast discredit on platforms and has justified many a candidate in disregarding or modifying a given "plank." The overwhelming judgment of our people, as reflected in the press, that nothing is so important to us as a strict observance of our plighted faith—just as nothing is so important to a merchant as his credit and reputation for honorable dealing—shows how easy it is for half a dozen men in a hotel parlor, at the suggestion of some "good fellow," to lead a convention to the indorsement of a disastrous policy.

To claim that we have not broken our pledge that there shall be no discrimination in the tolls and conditions when we thus favor our own coastwise trade, as against that of Canada, Mexico and Colombia—each with an Atlantic and a Pacific coast—simply does not rise to the dignity of a quibble. Already, by misrepresentation of the sense of fair dealing which pervades American commercial life, incalculable injury has been done to our standing abroad—an injury which cannot be measured in money. After all our honorable diplomacy—the return of the Boxer indemnity, the open door policy in the far East, and the strict observance of our promise to withdraw from Cuba, which foreign sneerers at America said we never would observe, "and never meant to observe"—it is shameful to have to drop to a lower plane of national conduct.

As if our cup of humiliation were not already full, it is argued that we are at liberty to refuse to submit the question of the breach of the Panama treaty to the Hague tribunal, if Great Britain should make the appeal. *"Nicht zwei dumme streiche für eins"* (not two stupid strokes for one), says Lessing's character in "Minna von Barnheim." Unless we desire to become the welcher of the nations, it is time that the good faith of the people should find an adequate expression in the good faith of the government. All the money saved (to whom?) in tolls in a hundred years by the exemption could not compensate for the loss in money—not to reckon honor—which will result from the loss of credit and of great commercial opportunities all over the world. A strange way, indeed, to promote American commerce!

But there remains for us another chance—or will, if Great Britain shall a little longer pursue her friendly and forbearing course of waiting for our public opinion to assert itself. *The coastwise exemption should be repealed.* And, our obligations aside, why should we enter upon a policy of subsidizing our ships just at the time when apparently we are giving up the policy of subsidizing our manufactures? Are we never to get away from the inequality of privilege that has already corrupted the sources of government by the "vicious circle," creating and feeding by legislation agencies whose natural interest it thus becomes to

destroy the principle of equality? Why subsidize ships any more than subsidize railways, or newspapers, or authorship? But if we *must* subsidize our ships, let it be done outright, in bills for that purpose, and not through the violation of the plain words of a solemn treaty.

Not only should the exemption be repealed, but, if we are to recover the ground that has been lost, it should be done in the first week of the December session of Congress. We feel sure that President Taft, whose misgivings tinctured his message of assent, now that the canal bill has provided for a *modus operandi*, would not interpose his veto to the sober second thought of Congress. If the repeal is not accomplished, and if we refuse the appeal to The Hague, the great cause of arbitration—the substitute for war—will be set back for unreckonable years. And it is the championship of arbitration, together with his far-sighted and consistent defense and extension of the merit system, which will give the President his highest claim to the respect of posterity. The object of the latter is to keep politicians from gambling with the resources of office; the object of the former is to prevent governments from gambling with the lives of men.

Should the repeal not be promptly made, it will become the duty of the people to organize to bring it about. We much mistake the temper of the country if within another six months its servants do not remove this blot on the national escutcheon.—*Century Magazine, November,* 1912.

About Halos

A couple of saints were one day walking down Piety Pike and they fell into a discussion about halos.

Addressing Saint Sure Thing, Saint Openhand inquired, "When did you first make the discovery that you wore a halo?"

"It was like this," said Saint Sure Thing, "I attended a great revival, and when I was shown the way of salvation and was told that I could escape from all my past iniquities, I arose and had my sins forgiven. I was very happy, for I had done some mean and cruel things in my life, and I did not like to think about them. It was a great relief to think that my soul was saved so suddenly. I pitied those who stubbornly refused to accept salvation, and then and there I resolved never more to doubt, nor allow any of the so-called thinkers of the world to lead my thoughts away from the glory I enjoyed. So one day when I was telling of my great happiness in the thought that my own soul was saved, a certain deacon, who was famous for his piety, declared that a halo encircled my head, and I have been a saint ever since. And now tell me, Saint Openhand, how you discovered that you possessed this sign of heavenly favor?"

"Well," said Saint Openhand, "I suppose I must have worn it a long time before anybody spoke to me about it. I had amassed a colossal fortune. The methods I had adopted to accomplish that end were the ones usually employed. I saw no harm in those methods, but of course some people seemed to think they were unjust. In order to secure a great fortune for myself a considerable number of my competitors had to go out of business. As my riches increased I had power to gain privileges that others in the same business could not secure, and so, of course, the accumulation of my fortune was accelerated until I controlled everything in my line. Then I noticed that people began to envy me and say all manner of hard things about me and threaten me with every kind of violence. It was about this time that I experienced a sense of magnanimity and began to give away five-thirty-seconds of my income each year for benevolent purposes. I desired to gain the love and graitude of my fellowmen, and knew that this would be a sure and economical way to gain this end. One day, after I had donated three millions of dollars for a deaf mute college, the newspapers almost universally declared that I was a saint, for I had become the benefactor of those who had no power to express their gratitude. Since then many of my personal friends have told me that a large rose-colored halo has been hovering over my head."

"How interesting," exclaimed Saint Outside-in. "That inspires me to explain the presence of my own halo. Early in life I entertained the foolish notion that there was real trouble in the world—such things, for instance, as sin and sickness, misfortune and death. And so I resolved to do my best to overcome all evils. I joined many organizations for that purpose, worked hard, studied much and spent a great deal of strength in behalf of others. But one day it occurred to me that evil is merely a delusion. We harbor mental images of these things and so think they exist. I saw that if we could rid the mind of the thought of pain and the thought of sin and the thought of death, none of these things would really exist. So from that time on I have dropped all care for such follies. I have told thousands of stupid people that there is nothing but good in the world. When they have come to me, supposing their were in trouble, I have convinced them that there is no trouble anywhere. And you would be surprised to see what wonders have been wrought. People have been transformed, and the very ones who have been wasting their lives in their anxious efforts to serve their fellow-men, as they said, have gone away strong and well, not caring a fig for anything. I cannot tell how many have spoken of my halo."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Saint Inside-out, "I am told that my halo is one of the finest that ever evoluted over a human brow, and yet my way of gaining it has been just the opposite of yours, Saint Outside-in. I have been a worshiper of the world's reformers. They have always been on the right side, because what they advocated has been brought about. So I started out early in life to be a reformer. I deliberately declined to see anything that was good as it was. I went forth and told the world of its wrongs, sins, injustices, tyrannies. I convinced people that everything they did was mostly criminal. I showed how the courts were unjust, the churches utterly inane and useless, all civil government corrupt, and everybody prompted by instincts of cupidity and deceit. Two things I have stubbornly declined to admit: First, that anybody that has wealth or power or experience was honest; and secondly, that anything that was done by anybody was done well. You would be astonished to see what salvos of applause have been called forth by my unqualified condemnation of everything that is, and how many of my hearers have admired my halo."

Now there was one other saint in this group. He was tall and very slim, and his face was solemn and cadaverous, and he had a long neck and a hollow chest. And, naturally, after Saint Inside-out had spoken, they all turned to him and asked him how he had secured his halo.

"You see I am a writer of fables and such. I never thought they amounted to much, but I enjoyed the work, for my skull, as you notice, is large and my brain is small and loose, and there is nothing like the writing of a fable to create a pleasing cerebral sensation. Some of the fables I have written have pictured certain human vanities, some have exposed certain subtle idiosyncracies, and a good many of them have not amounted to a Hannah Cook. But among my readers there is a certain man by the name of Bill Henley, who was never known to smile. Well, one of my fables made him laugh, and his wife called me a saint and said she saw a halo over my head. Ever after that she called me Saint Impossible, and now the name is fastened upon me, and my halo is a matter of common observation. But, by the way, friends, has it ever occurred to any of you, as we have been talking, that no one of us has ever seen his own halo?"

At this they all exclaimed, and each one declared that his halo was placed where he couldn't see it himself. Thereupon Saint Openhand suggested that they all stop at the next house on Piety Pike and ask to be shown a mirror in order that they might behold and admire their own halos. It was a little house near the road, and when the little old lady saw the five saints approaching she crossed herself and said her favorite prayer. When they told her what they wanted she was greatly flattered and gladly admitted them to her front room and closed the door.

In a few moments the door opened and the five saints meandered single file down Piety Pike. Each one looked thoughtful. Their halos had vanished.—*Unitarian Calendar for October.*

The Jesus of "Q"

The *Hibbert Journal* contains an article by George Holley Gilbert which should be read by all who are interested in the search for the real Jesus and the real gospel which are on the other side of the written biographies of our Lord which have come down to us. The title of the article is "The Jesus of 'Q.'" "Q" stands for the German word "Quelle," meaning "source." The article by Mr. Gilbert is in substance an analysis of the argument and conclusions of two books, "The Sayings of Jesus" by Harnack, and "Horæ Synoptical" by Sir C. Hawkins. Many biblical scholars have for a long time believed that in the gospels as we have them in the New Testament there are indications of writings of an earlier date, from which the writers of the New Testament gospels obtained some of their materials. These biblical scholars have gone on from year to year carefully examining in detail every sentence, every word of the four gospels as we have them. Gradually these scholars have sifted from the four gospels all of those sentences or sayings which seem to belong to the ancient "Quelle," or source which the authors of these gospels seem to have used.

The result is significant. As Harnack and Sir C. Hawkins summarize this result they find about 180 verses of original "Q" material. These 180 verses constitute about one-sixth of the gospel of Matthew or of Luke. This entire original document or series of sayings, as Harnack selects them, is printed at the end of his book. The significance of this source of the gospel is in what is omitted. Of the 180 verses the great part is made up of ethical and spiritual injunctions. These are impersonal. In them Jesus makes no formal claim for himself. They are mostly simple, universal thoughts. They reveal Jesus as a great spiritual seer, like the greatest of Old Testament prophets. His words are never official. The authority of the Messiah finds no utterance in them. It is as the final, supreme master of things spiritual that we see this Person of "Q" emerge. To this should be added a note of certainty, of personal knowledge, of an intimacy with God such as the older prophets never claimed. There are no speculative theories of God. The knowledge of God which Jesus claimed was that of a friend of God. As this friendship grew, knowledge increased. "Q" knows nothing of the genealagoies of Matthew nor the birth stories of Luke.

Concerning the work as well as the person of Jesus "Q" differs fundamentally from much that we have been taught as fundamental. There is no reference here to the death of Jesus. It is as a revealer of the Father that he looms up in this document. This revelation is through teaching, instruction, example. So far as "Q" is concerned the death of Jesus has nothing to do with this real work which he hopes to do. This work he hoped to do while living. A sacrificial death is no part of his program. There are references to a violent death. There is no reference to rising from the grave. The Jesus of "Q" expects to live in heaven. He takes for granted that he will meet all, believers and unbelievers, in the presence of God.

The value of "Q" is that it assists in separating the sayings of Jesus from the explanations of him and of his words and work, which are all through the four gospels. Traditional biblical interpretation has never undertaken to make this distinction. On the contrary it has insisted that all parts of the gospels are equally important. With such books as these before us a deeper insight into the gospels is beginning. —*The Universalist Leader, October* 12.

The Ideal or the Real

One of the interesting things which can often be seen in human nature is the "will to believe." The late presidential election shows how men are often sure their candidate will win because he is "their" candidate. An American baseball game is an excellent and ludicrous example of the approval or disapproval of the umpire from a partisan standpoint, from the boy on the street to the man of mature years in the grandstand. We wish a thing were so, and straightway we believe it is so. Our Christian Science friends have cured many a sick soul or body by this trick of the personality.

In the theological world this psychological law is especially apparent. A German professor can persuade himself and his followers of almost any absurdity. We ministers are especially prone to this form of mental blindness in thinking of the heroes of our faith. We make them puppets of our fancy, smashing them into the moulds of our imagination for the edification of our listeners. David becomes a man after

God's own heart; Moses the meekest of men; and what part has not the great teacher of Nazareth played on the stage of theological controversy?

May I quote an example of this in the good sermon recently published in UNITY entitled "A Man's Foes." My brother preacher has an excellent thesis and spirit, and in order to make our hero, Jesus of Nazareth, a liberal of the twentieth century, with a Unitarian outlook, he thus portrays the Jewish rabbi:

"Jesus practically says, 'Open your houses, your synagogues, your temple, to the wider human influences. There is much good in other nations which you should assimilate. Stop suspicion and welcome strangeness. The Hebrew blood is stagnant and needs stirring; the Hebrew thought is parochial and needs widening.'" In connection with this enthusiastic statement of the broad outlook toward others, may I call to the attention of the UNITY readers, who perhaps in these busy days do not have the time to read the New Testament record for themselves, some pertinent passages of scripture found in the synoptic gospels?

In the tenth chapter of Matthew Jesus is giving the commission to the twelve disciples and says, "Go not in any way of the Gentiles, and enter not into any city of the Samaritans; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." In the great sermon on the mount he warns his hearers against doing as the Gentiles do, Matthew sixth: "Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek." Jesus' attitude to the Gentiles as capable of teaching the Jews can be seen in His argument to love one's enemies, found in the fifth chapter of Matthew: "For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the Publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the Gentiles the same?"

One more quotation from Matthew, the twentieth chapter: "But Jesus called them unto Him and said, 'Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you.'" The same teaching, if not the same words, of this last quotation, is found in the tenth chapter of Mark and the twenty-second chapter of Luke.

Very significant indication of the attitude of Jesus toward the Gentiles, even when they were in distress, can be found in the seventh chapter of the oldest of the synoptic gospels, when a mother who happened to be a Gentile approached him and begged him for assistance for her little daughter, and he answered: "Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." But the mother, with the skillful argumentation of the Grecian mind, and impelled by the divine love of the mother's heart, accepted the designation of Gentile dogs, and answered sweetly: "Yea, Lord; even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Which answer, we are told, Jesus commended and rewarded.

I hope some time we may see that there is nothing so good as unidealized truth; that the glory of the imperfect which grows is greater than the perfect which is without life; that this world is best, not because it is ideal but because it is real. Let the great teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, be natural to his age and clime, and handicapped like us, his brethren. His glory will become greater for being the son of man, thus becoming Son of God.

CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

The Kaiser's Religion

In *The Christian Life* of recent date we read with interest the following account of an interview between Emperor William of Germany and Professor Meyer, a well-known theologian of Berlin. It said:

"The gist of this conversation now appears in the *Bonner Zeitung*, and is, according to the Berlin correspondent of *The Christian World*, causing a good deal of stir in Church circles. The Kaiser asked Professor Meyer to what school of thought he belonged, and stated that he himself was by no means orthodox, and was much afraid that this was a very sorry confession to make, but he could not help making it. The Kaiser then went over various points of theology with great clearness and precision, but Professor Meyer does not go into much detail on these points. All we learn is that his majesty 'does not live in dogma' and that creeds to him have not much vital power. For him is the Bible alone the supreme authority and rule of faith, and outside of the Bible there is little that is of any real importance.

"In all questions of life and conduct the Kaiser said that he asked himself the question, What would Christ do or think on this particular matter? Has Christ touched this question with his teachings, either directly or indirectly? If he has, then the question for the Kaiser is, how does this teaching bear on the question as it is affected by modern life and conditions? It was his majesty's belief that pastors should not bother themselves with dogma in their sermons. They should place the consciences of men in touch with Jesus Christ, and lead their hearers to the treasures of the Holy Scriptures. The Kaiser's views of inspiration are exceedingly wide. He maintains that inspiration is a constant and never ceasing process between God and his creatures."

At this time when the peace lovers of the world are hearing with deepest distress the news from the war which is devastating Turkey in Europe and the four small countries which have united against the Ottoman power, it is some slight comfort to have the assurance that one, at least, of the great rulers of the continent professes himself to be a follower of the Master whose teaching he tries to make the law of his conduct. If indeed he is true to his ideal in the crisis which now exists, he may do much to bring about the pacification of the Balkans with justice and righteousness.

W.

HEROISM

'Twas said, "When roll of drum and battle's roar
Shall cease upon the earth, O, then no more
The deed, the race, the heroes in the land,"
But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand
Lifted victorious o'er a giant wrong
That had its victims crushed through ages long;
Some woman set her pale and quivering face,
Firm as a rock, against a man's disgrace;
A little child suffered in silence lest
His savage pain should wound a mother's breast;
Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down
And risked, in Truth's great name, the Synod's frown;
A civic hero, in the calm realm of laws,
Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause;
And one to the pest his lithe young body gave
That he a thousand lives might save.

Richard Watson Gilder.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

LINCOLN CENTRE NOTES

After the luncheon of the Tuesday Class, Nov. 17th, a number of friends assembled in Emerson Hall to listen to a symposium by the heads of the various departments of work being done in and through the Centre. It is probable that only a few of those present were previously quite fully aware of the diversity, magnitude and importance of the branches of helpful, constructive activity centering there. The story was much too long to be told in one program, but something was learned of this work in each line. We cannot do more than mention the various activities, and the names of those who are so faithfully and efficiently directing them. Dr. Angus M. Frew is devoting his attention to getting hold of the boys in the neighborhood and devising occupations and pastimes to meet their needs. He reported progress in breaking up an unwholesome gang spirit, and toward a growing interest in gymnastic work. Mr. Charles W. Britton is getting hold splendidly of the boys who like to handle tools, and make things. He has some 30 or more boys in his Manual Training classes, and exhibited specimens of very good work done by them. He hoped for means to "enlarge the plant," and felt that money so invested would bring its return in terms of life and character.

Mrs. L. M. Smith gave a graphic report of the Lincoln Centre Camp last summer, in which about 90 boys and girls in groups, had a vacation of two weeks each. The camp was located on the charming small lake near Milton Junction Station, Wisconsin. It is recommended as an ideal place for a permanent camp. Miss Alice Lloyd Jones as head of the Domestic Science department detailed the work of her cooking and sewing classes in which perhaps fifty girls, juniors and seniors, are receiving weekly instruction, with a steadily growing list. An attractive exhibit of the kinds of work being taught in this department was shown, including beautiful specimens of lace, basketry and pottery.

Miss Marie Hofer spoke of the recreative side of the work with the junior and senior girls' Sunshine Club and said that her special reason for encouraging directed games, folk dancing, etc., was because they taught manners, and manners were related to many other fine things that go deeper into character. Miss Anna B. Zellman declined to be called "Our Charity Worker," but gladly wears the title, "Our Friendly Visitor," which indeed she is in many homes when her visits bring good cheer and help in times of stress resulting from illness or lack of employment. In many ways she is able to bridge the life of the people and the endeavors of the Centre.

Miss Bertha Van Hove, the Vocational Worker, is the friendly go-between, serving the employer on the one hand and the girls and boys seeking work, on the other. Many fortunate adjustments in the industrial world in which she moves are due to her sympathetic effort to fit the worker to the work.

Mrs. E. B. Tuteur, Chairman of the Music Committee, told an entertaining story of the small beginnings and large hopes of the committee, under her direction, the latter are being steadily realized, however. There are two successful choruses in training under the direction of Miss Florence Thomas and Miss Hazel Smith, respectively. Piano instruction has been made available at a very low price, and a number of children are taking advantage of it, so that the immediate need is another piano and more teachers. The old obligations have been cleared off and the possibilities greatly increased. Mrs. E. H. Reed, the superintendent, gave a short talk about the Sunday School, and the Anna Rutledge Club of Young People. The former is larger than ever before, and is fairly representative of the families of the church and Centre. The one all important desideratum is interest on the part of the parents. The Young Peoples' Club has entered with zest upon the social program of the winter. The audience of 70 or more ladies to whom these reports were made was almost wholly composed of the members of Mr. Jones' Religious Study Classes,—there is a Friday Evening Class of forty-five members, a branch of the Tuesday Class. This of itself was a worthy exhibit of one important line of work done in the Centre in the cultivation

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of the spiritual life through religious study and discussion. Mention must also be made of Mr. Jones' Friday, 10:30 a. m., Browning Class, with already eighteen members, and a projected Monday Evening Class for the same study, which will hold its first session December 2nd at 8 p. m. Also there is as usual a Confirmation Class of boys and girls under the tutelage of Mr. Jones, meeting on Friday at 2:30 p. m.

Another most interesting group reported by Miss Zellman, meeting weekly, is the Mothers' Club, numbering forty-five. The mothers of the boys and girls, who form the "children of the Centre."

Mrs. A. L. Kelly, who so ably reports Mr. Jones' sermons from Sunday to Sunday, made a statement of interest to all. She has been "taking stock" and finds there are twenty-four distinct sections besides a number of sub-sections, in the Centre work, and she promises to tell all about these, and much more in a small booklet, called by her "a thimble edition," which she expects to have ready for distribution very soon.

Plans that have been carefully made for the Christmas holidays will bring together on several occasions this community life in the most neighborly way. The distinctly artistic touch was added to this absorbing program by the charming piano numbers contributed by Mrs. Bourkamp, thus expressing in one occasion, what life should be for all people,—practical, ideal, artistic.—W.

FRIENDS IN DISGUISE

The farmer makes some queer mistakes about the little folks of fur and feathers who live on his domains. For instance, he calls the field mice his enemies, because they make their nests in his clover field. But wait until spring comes. The bumblebees will fit up the empty rooms of the small mansions and proceed to raise large and industrious families there. Everybody knows that the bumblebees fertilize the clover blossoms, flying from one to another, and distributing the yellow pollen dust that clings to their feet, bodies, and other parts.

There is a funny old saying in the rural districts that tells the whole story in a few words: "No cats, no clover." The cats kill the meadow mice; the mice give homes to the bumblebees and the bumblebees insure a perfect clover crop.

Some farmers hate the sparrow hawk, and say he steals the chickens. As a matter of fact this bird lives mostly upon small mammals, mice, chipmunks, squirrels, and the like. He is a fine mouser, and is often seen hovering above a certain field, then suddenly swooping down and flying off not with a chicken, but with a tiny meadow mouse.

Many other creatures that seem to be mischief makers and are hunted and killed by the farmer are in reality his best friends, his helpers in disguise, and they deserve his good wishes instead of his hatred.—*E. A. Matthews, in Our Dumb Animals.*

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MORTALITY OF ALCOHOL

In a book recently published, Mr. Edward Bunnell Phelps has made a scientific study of the mortality of alcohol in this country. Mr. Phelps has based his figures on the year 1908, and finds that alcohol caused 66,000 deaths, directly or indirectly, in that year. Commenting on this, the *Medical Record* says:

"The effect of alcohol upon the mortality figures of a community has become a threadbare subject in the speeches and writings of prohibition and anti-prohibition publicists; yet, indeed, few subjects of sociological nature deserve more frequent mention. The trouble has been, however, that such mention was rarely, if ever, founded upon a real study of the subject, but was simply an indicator of the intolerance of the defenders of one or the other political or social creed.

"There is no question that for men interested in insurance matters the problem of the 'mortality of alcohol' is one of foremost rank, and it is to their credit that one of the best scientific studies of the matter that has yet appeared comes from one of their number. Mr. Phelps, who has published several statistical studies in similar fields, has taken the total adult mortality in the United States for the year 1908 as the groundwork for his study.

METHOD USED FOR STATISTICS

"His method was simple. He obtained from the medical directors of three large insurance companies their estimate of the percentage of male deaths between the age of 20 and 74, directly or indirectly due to alcohol, for each of the 106 causes of death listed in the census statistics for that year. From these estimates he figured the probable mortality from the same causes among females and then made an approximation of the probable mortality of the whole country, including the so-called nonregistration area from which direct mortality statistics were not available.

"In defense of this method of study it may be granted that medical directors of insurance companies have much broader knowledge of the general subject of mortality and the effect upon it of certain specific causes than even the busiest and most prominent of practitioners of medicine. Moreover, the differences in the individual estimates were such as to lead to the reasonable conclusion that a poll of say, several hundred physicians would not have resulted in a nearer average approximation than the average obtained from the poll of these three physicians only.

"Without going into minute analysis of the methods used by Mr. Phelps, we may say that, to a disinterested mind, his use of the statistical tables seems to be correct from the standpoint both of statistical science and of everyday methods of arriving at approximations.

"His final result is that 66,000 deaths were directly or indirectly due to alcohol in this country during the year 1908, or, in percentages figures, about 5 per cent of the total mortality from all causes at all ages during that year.

"This then, forms the first scientifically constructed approximation of the effect of alcohol upon mortality in this country. To the rabid prohibitionist it will appear to be too low a figure. To the medical man, however, this figure is large enough to prove the appalling waste of life due to the excessive use of alcohol. *Moreover, no mere mortality statistics can give an idea of the economic waste due to loss of working time and of productive efficiency among habitual and heavy drinkers, and the daily scenes in our courts of law, both high and low, are an indication of the number of crippled and unhappy lives which result from the abuse of alcohol."—The Banner of God.*

THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

In the course of an instructive article on "Capital Punishment: The Case for Abolition," in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. A. F. Schuster reminds us that "in Germany, before the introduction of a universal criminal code for the whole of the empire, capital punishment had been abolished in Saxony, Bremen, Oldenburg and Anhalt. A proposal for striking it out of the new criminal code was passed by the North German Reichstag by 118 votes to 81. This proposal was, however, thrown out by the federated governments by 127 to 119. Up to the end of last year the trend of public opinion in Germany would appear to have been all in favor of the retention of the death penalty; but a reaction seems to have set in, and an agitation in favor of its abolition was started in the newspapers. It has been abolished in Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, most of the Swiss Cantons, Michigan, Wisconsin and Maine of the U. S. A., Portugal, Roumania, Venezuela, Brazil, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Lastly do not let us forget San Marino. No one has been executed in Belgium since 1863, or in Finland since 1826. In Russia for nearly two centuries the death penalty has not been applied except in cases of political crimes."—*The Inquirer*, Oct. 26.

Don't Miss This—In response to request Benjamin Fay Mills will deliver his celebrated lecture, "The Prophet Emerson, The Greatest Man of Modern Days," at the Whitney Opera House, 8 p. m., December 1.

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The Expository Time: London.

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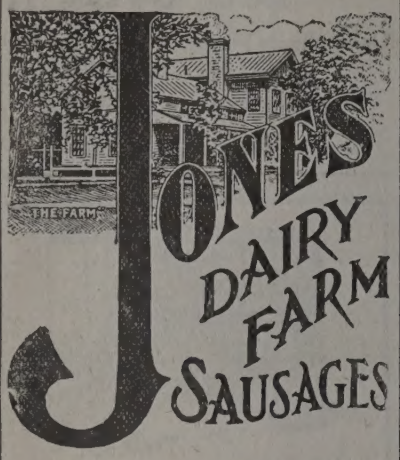

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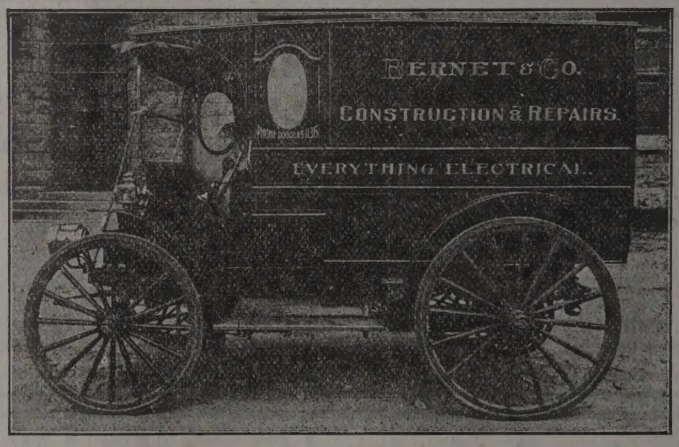

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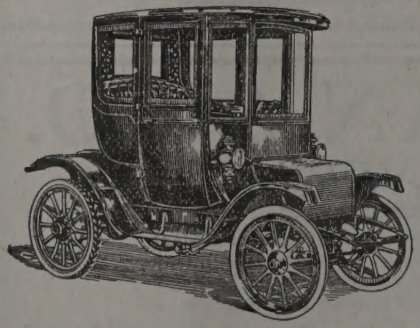

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